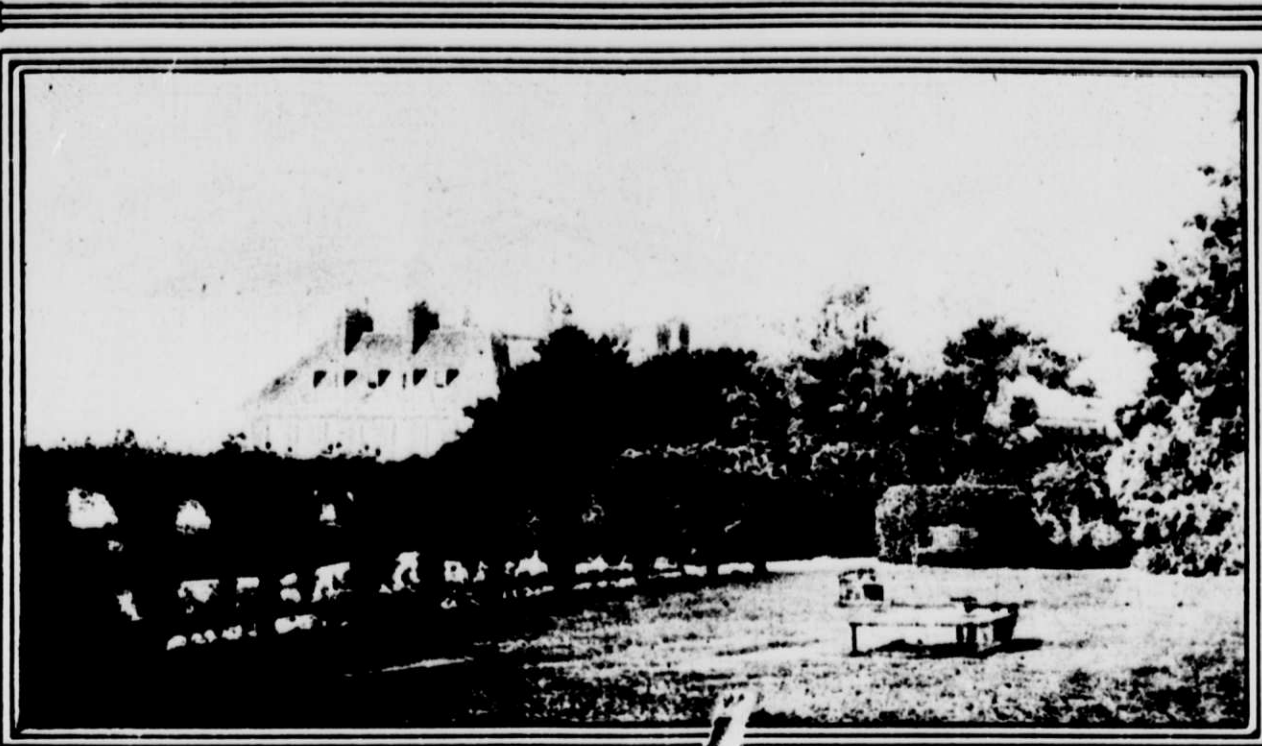


ENGLISH EARL'S ART TREASURES IN NEW YORK

Clanwilliam Collection, Now on Exhibition—
Here, Particularly Rich in Old Sevres,
Old Silver and Silver Gilt



"Up Park," Petersfield,
Hampshire, England

Home of the Clanwilliam
Art Collection Since
1787.



HISTORY is constantly repeating itself. The ancient Grecian generals when they returned from the wars brought back with them the finest marble columns, the most costly golden carvings and the most beautiful statues that they had wrung from their defeated foes. So did the medieval barons, and so did Napoleon. We have changed the method now, but not the fact.

We do not allow any longer our politicians to cry, "To the victors belong the spoils," but power, represented in the modern system by money, is all conquering. Those that own masterpieces of art, but have insufficient incomes, are soon forced to part with their masterpieces. To New York they come. Already the money centre of the world, this city is also destined to be the great art centre.

The most recent collection of art objects to be brought to this city is now being shown in rooms at the Hotel Plaza by W. R. Partridge, a London art dealer, who has despoiled a fine old English home, Up Park, Petersfield, Hampshire, which has been a seat of the Earls of Clanwilliam since 1787. It is a fine characteristic specimen of the comfortable, solid British country house, surrounded by spacious green lawns, old trees, arbors and gardens. The collection was formed by the first Earl of Clanwilliam, who had great taste and had widely travelled. The objects have remained continuously in the mansion at Up Park until their recent removal, but a few additions were made by late Earls.

The family name of the Earl is Meade, and the Meades, who originally spelled their name Meagh, Miagh or Myagh, have lived for centuries in the county and city of Cork and have been landed proprietors since the earliest mention of the name. The present earl is the fifth in the line and unmarried. The heir presumptive is his brother, the Hon. Herbert Meade, R. N. The present tenant of Up Park is Colonel the Hon. Keith Turnour Fetherstonhaugh, uncle of Earl Winterton.

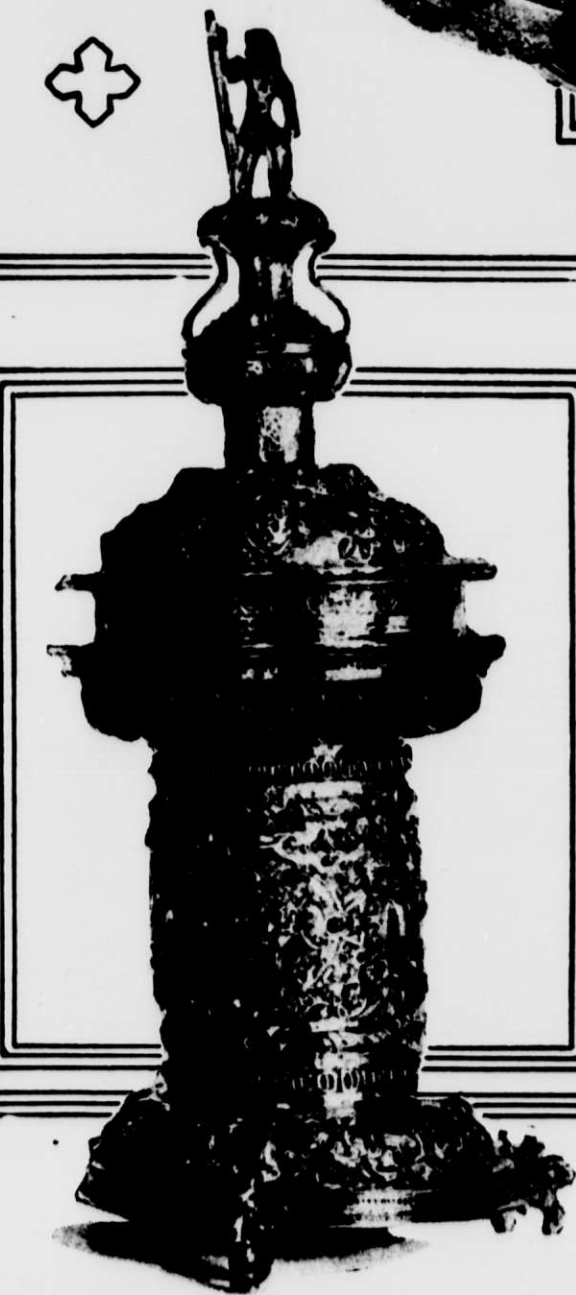
The collection consists of bronzes, cabinets, old Sevres, clocks, ivories, porcelains, silver gilt and old silver. Probably the rarest and most costly items are the pieces of old Sevres, some of which date from the most notable period of the royal French factory.

The finest Sevres in the Clanwilliam collection is undoubtedly a garniture of three oviform vases that are dated 1776 and were decorated by Bertrand. The design consists of large groups of various flowers and fruits, in rich natural colors, and also horizontal, pendent and interlaced wreaths of flowers.

The centre vase, twenty-one inches high, has upright folded strap handles, bleu-du-roi, white and gold, with graduated gold beads down the centre in high relief. The flowers are painted upon a strikingly beautiful light royal blue ground, covered with gold "œil de perdrix." The French garnitures were usually made in five pieces, three large vases, and two smaller flower vases. Some idea of the importance of this present garniture will be given when it is stated that the two smaller vases of this set are among the treasures of the famous Wallace collection, in London.

Another important vase of about the same height, in gold and bleu-du-roi, is decorated with a fine panel by Morin of an Eastern quay scene, with turbaned figures directing the unloading of coals and bales from a sailing ves-

Old Nuremberg
Parcel Gilt
Tankard



sel; the reverse being painted with a bouquet of flowers. Another Sevres vase has a camp scene by Dodin, and another is tulip-shaped, with ormolu mounts, with a glass of rare turquoise blue. Other items of old Sevres in the collection include a rosewater ewer and oval shaped basin, a cabaret of five pieces and a Louis XVI. lyre-shaped clock.

The most interesting of the furniture pieces is an ebony cabinet lacquered and decorated in the Japanese manner by Carlin, and with ormolu mounts by Gouthiere. The centre door has a circular panel in which there are two Japanese figures reclining upon the terrace of a summer house, beneath fir trees. The side doors are decorated with landscapes. The commode is surmounted by a white marble slab, under which is stamped the signature of the maker, "Carlin, Ebeniste."

The Earl of Clanwilliam was an assiduous and astute collector of old silver and silver gilt. His most famous find of this description is a sixteenth century silver gilt loving cup, with a silver bowl in the form of a nautilus shell. The carving of the cup is of extraordinary intricacy and shows a wealth of imagination. There is a flamboyant



A George II Ecuelle

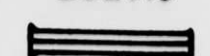


Old Augsburg Figure in Silver

Elizabethan
Silver Gilt
Salt



Old Sevres
Porcelain
Vase,
Painted by
Dodin



dragon enlacing the bowl and his great head, from which a tongue of transparent amber protrudes, surmounts the top. All sorts of sea monsters, sea deities, fishes, shells and sea plants are interwoven in the design.

There are several Augsburg and Nuremberg pieces. An attractive Augsburg warrior in silver gilt bends on one knee in very much the attitude of a dancer in the famous Ballet Russe and with both hands raised bears aloft a globular glass cup on which are engraved a coat of arms, quaint figures clasping hands and an inscription. It dates from 1750 and is by Johan Jacob

Adam. An Augsburg figure piece in silver is of a man seated in carnival costume, with a chibouque tube in his mouth and a baton sticking in his girdle. A Nuremberg parcel gilt tankard with an embossed and chased design of an equestrian combat is by Hans Meisler, 1582, and a standing cup dated 1600 is by Franz Vischer.

Among the English pieces an Elizabethan standing salt box is very distinguished. It is intricately embossed with grotesque and lion's masks, groups of fruit and scrolled strap work. It bears the London hall mark of 1583. There is a Commonwealth tankard of

1652 and a Charles II. flat topped tankard of 1678. There are a pair of Queen Anne salvers, by Simon Pantin, 1713; a pair of George IV. massive Pillgrim's bottles, hall marked London, 1823; a George II. ecuelle of elaborate design, with a cover and ladle, and of course some Charles I. apostle spoons.

The Chelsea and Worcester porcelains are well represented. There are four sided and tripod Chelsea vases and among the figure pieces is a group of the seasons, with a small boy and a girl typifying the four divisions of the year. This is not the first time that Mr. Partridge has brought an English art

Augsburg Silver
Gilt Figure
Bearing Glass
Cup.



Lake at its feet instead of the Bristol Channel. Across the lake a clump of mountain shows sparkling rocks, scattered bushes and fan shaped glassades every here and there, of the mountain's rubble, either where prospectors have put in a blast long ago or where Nature has loosened part of the declivity.

Eastward every time you lift your eyes you see a blue mountain something of the shape of Ben Lomond, but making Ben Lomond a pigmy. Its ridges sparkle like turquoise and salt. Old residents could tell what month it is if they lost count of passing time by considering these far off fissures of snow among the high rocks, for they wax and wane with winter and summer, but are never wholly cleared away.

On some bright days the white of these far off glaciers under a pale blue sky must make a lasting impression, and the "excitement" seekers who rushed in here in 1899 must now, whenever they be, if they hear Nelson mentioned, have that mountain pile itself up in their memory. The famous Molly Gibson mine is over there somewhere up toward the stony height.

Baker street once seethed with the young men of the Jack easy salt, the cheery eyes and the hats at devil may care angles. They built the town and passed away. Now it has almost a sleepy air. Umbrellas may be seen here to-day as all through Canada—umbrellas with hook handles hanging on the arms of men. But people who should know whisper that if the old effectiveness looked more lively, under the apparent sleepiness of to-day is more genuine and reliable business.

Certainly there is money in Nelson. The lake front alone shows this, with its little floating village of motor boat houses reached by a floating sidewalk off which are many side turnings. All these motor boat houses, each with its motor boat, suggest banking accounts among the Nelson citizens. Trains come and go at the depot. Stern wheelers churn over their white reflections in the lake, going off to Sandon on the Upper Kootenay Lake or to Kootenay Landing on the Lower.

The ruins of the smelter on a low projection of the mountain westward help to give a slightly tired appearance to the twisted ruins of the old bucket tramway that ran up to the Athabasca mine and the Silver King. Once upon a time one wire carried up empty buckets from the smelter and the other brought down the ore filled ones. It was a queer sensation to be miles up the hills in the region of chipmunk, badger, bear, and breaking through the bushes come to a creaking, whispering sound look up and see the aerial buckets on their wires swaying about from wooden tower to wooden tower.

Sometimes men going to the mines climbed a tower and dropped into a bucket on its way up. It was necessary to hold tight and lower one's head at each tower, otherwise there might have been a horrible spill. There was a horrible spill once. High up in the mountains a transverse gulch is crossed by the wires and a man riding up to the mine by bucket, who had kept his head so far, was suddenly smitten with a vertigo at the sensation of soaring into space, loosed his hold, clutched the air, the bucket swung.

After that men were told that they could put their blankets in a bucket if they wished to save the packing of them, but they were warned off when they showed sign of saving themselves the long tramp up to the mines by sitting in one of the buckets. That's years ago. The contraption does not work at all now—"mild mouldering ashes how it lies." Incendiaries burnt down the smelter and it has not yet been rebuilt. "Excitement" is over for the time being in Nelson.

I don't know but what I prefer it as it is—with a quiet business going on and an air as of an English market town, with grasshoppers and June bugs clicking and chattering in the streets and toward evening mosquito hawks darting and flying in eerie flight over the steep slope of bungalows.

collection to New York. His exhibition some years ago of old Chippendale, most of which was sold to H. E. Huntington of Los Angeles, Cal., is well remembered.

Canadian Silhouettes

THE gash in the mountains rearward leads to the State of Washington. A line of rails, away up there on a shelf cut along the edge of the mountains, runs down to Spokane. To come to Nelson from the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway you have to change trains at Revelstoke, journey to Arrowhead, take boat there and pass the length of Arrow Lakes to Robson, then entrain again. To come to Nelson from the Crow's Nest Pass you have to take boat at Kootenay Landing. It is locked away among the mountains like a pearl in an oyster.

To me it is one of the most fascinating of the mountain towns. Backed by that mountain on whose flank the railway runs to Spokane, it descends in tiers like a steep theatre gallery to Baker street, the main street, and thence a little further to the lake. Two electric cars twist and twine up and down the slopes.

It is like a Western Clovelly with electric cars—more scattered than Clovelly, and its picturesqueness a Western picturesqueness, with Kootenay